Through an awakening of the mind veiled
Aspects of truth reveal hidden dimensions
Which border upon the boundaries of
The mind's comprehension of a
Universe expanding beyond the scope of
Mortal understanding of the cosmic mystery:
That which we experience within the course
Of our allotted span of hours, merely a snapshot
Of a riddle far greater than that which we
Can grasp as mortal beings of flesh and bone:
As man is but a microcosm of the macrocosm
Much like a Summer's day that is gone too soon
A mere ripple in the ebb and flow of Time's ocean
Carving out a small cleft within the rocky shoreline:
Ever so fleeting is the Springtime of youth
The golden age of Spring but a distant memory
Of a life lived well and a race all but run...
All but a faded memory like the dim remembrance
Of a book one read in the prime of youth
Now but a hazy recollection of characters and events
Slowly ebbing away with the receding waters of time.